

MEET RANG-A-TANG "THE WONDER DOG"

BLUE RIBBON

COMICS



NOV.
1939
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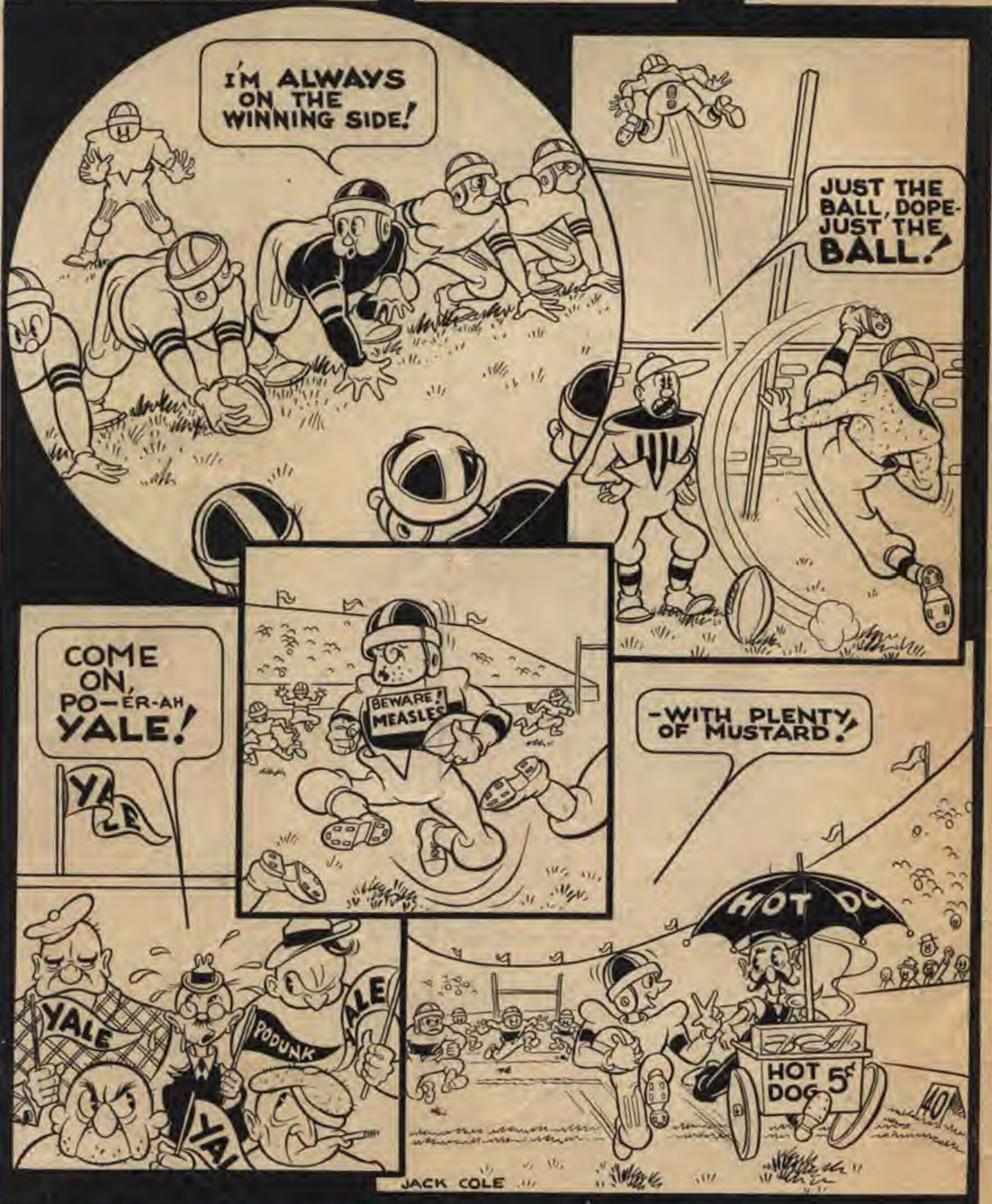
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IN THIS ISSUE
DAN HASTINGS
FOXY GRANDPA
LITTLE NEMO
IMA SLOOTH

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

HOLD THAT LINE!



JACK COLE



Just a Moment



HELLO

"Hello" is the very best word we could think of in greeting you in this, our first issue of BLUE RIBBON COMICS. For we believe that "hello" is the finest word in the English language. It means that something new is beginning, be it a new greeting of old friends, or an entirely new set of circumstances crossing the horizon.

We believe that BLUE RIBBON COMICS is going to bring you something in comic magazines that you have never quite seen before. It will, in the first place, thrill you in a way you never before have been thrilled. Because every picture story in the magazine is planned to make each page count the fullest in exciting drama.

Every story in BLUE RIBBON COMICS is complete. You won't have any long, drawn-out plots to try to remember from one month to the next. When you have read the last page of this snappy magazine you will have seen all there is to see of that issue and can look forward to the next with confidence that brand new excitement awaits you.

Another thing. You'll never find in these pages any reprints. Every feature in this magazine is entirely original and has never before appeared in any other magazine. And you can rest assured, too, that when you have read BLUE RIBBON COMICS you will not find its stories cropping up in other books with different titles. Some people do that, you know, and at times you pay your money for a comic magazine and find that you have read a great many of its features in some other comic book. That will NEVER happen to any BLUE RIBBON FEATURE!

And then, there are sixty-four full pages in this book. We suggest that you count them and see for yourself. Just because you do not see the pages numbered is no reason why you need fear that we will ever give you less for your money than you are entitled to. That has happened with other comic books, but BLUE RIBBON COMICS will be on the level with you first, last and all the time.

So for the first time we present this streamlined, double-action, extra-special, up-to-the-minute, high-class issue of BLUE RIBBON COMICS by saying, "Hello!" and we'll be seeing you every month.



RANG-A-TANG

-THE
WONDER
DOG -

BY
NORMAN
DANBERG



RUNNING AWAY FROM A CRUEL DOG TRAINER WITH A
SMALL TIME CARNIVAL - RANG-A-TANG SHIFTS FOR HIMSELF

HE ALWAYS COMES
HOME THIS WAY.

CAREFUL - HE'S A
COPPER. AN CARRIES
A ROD.



SCRAM MUTT OR
WE'LL HAND YOU
WHAT THIS COPPER
IS GONNA GET!

QUIET - HERE
HE COMES.



RANG, TRAINED TO UNDERSTAND THE HUMAN
VOICE, SENSED THE MENACE IN THE TONES
OF THESE TWO MEN.



THAT'S THE WAY
I LIKE TO HANDLE
COPS!



AND IT'S A
PLEASURE.



NUTHIN' PERSONAL,
PUNK. WE JUST GET
A GRAND FOR THIS JOB.



RANG SENSED THAT THE VICTIM WAS A FRIEND.
HE LEAPED FOR THE KILLER WITH THE GUN.



UNERRINGLY RANG STRUCK THE KILLER AND BROUGHT
HIM DOWN.



AS DEFTLY AS RANG, DETECTIVE SPEED
REACHED BEHIND HIM, AND HURLED THE
KILLER TO THE SIDEWALK.



TALK!
WHY DID YOU TRY
TO KILL ME?
WHO PAID YOU?

WE DON'T
KNOW NUTHIN'
WE DIDN'T KNOW
YOU WAS A COP!



RANG MOVED IN, TRYING TO HELP THIS MAN WHOSE LIFE HE HAD SAVED.



IT WAS BLACKIE BLADE. HE PAID US TO KILL YOU.

HE'S HIDING OUT AT THE OLD GRISWOLD HOTEL. HE'S GOT THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S DAUGHTER AS HOSTAGE!



NOBODY IS TO SEE THEM. BLACKIE BLADE PAID THEM TO KILL ME BECAUSE HE'S AFRAID OF ME. I KNOW WHERE HE IS HIDING AND I'M GOING AFTER HIM.



GREAT OLD BOY! YOU'RE MY PAL FROM NOW ON AND I'M NAMING YOU RANG-RANG-A-TANG, HOW'S THAT?



IT'S A BIG PROBLEM, RANG. BLACKIE IS HOLDING THAT GIRL, SO WE CAN'T RUSH HIM. HE'S WANTED FOR MURDER AND HE WON'T STOP AT KILLING HER. MAKES IT TOUGH RANG. I'VE GOT TO GET BLACKIE WITHOUT HURTING THAT GIRL. AND YOU WANT TO HELP. I CAN TELL.



RANG WELL UNDERSTANDS HIS NEW MASTER AND SENSES HIS ANXIETY.



YOU'RE GOING TO BE A GREAT HELP, RANG. YOU'RE THE MOST INTELLIGENT DOG I'VE EVER SEEN!



THAT'S WHERE THEY ARE HIDING RANG. WE'LL USE THE FIRE ESCAPE TO GET TO THE ROOF. EASY BOY!



RANG KNEW WHAT HIS MASTER WANTED. SOFTLY HE LED THE WAY TO THE HIDEOUT.



LIKE TWO GHOSTS, SPEED AND RANG CLIMBED THE FIRE ESCAPE TO FIND AN ENTRANCE THROUGH THE ROOF.



... SO TAKE IT EASY, SISTER. BLACKIE KNOWS THE COPS WON'T CLOSE IN AS LONG AS YOU'RE HERE. YOU'RE MY INSURANCE POLICY, SEE?



TOUGH GOING, PAL, THAT GUY WILL SHOOT THE GIRL BEFORE WE CAN GET TO HIM. NOW, LISTEN....

SPEED AND RANG HAVE FORMULATED A PLAN.
SO BACK IN TOWN THEY DO SOME SHOPPING!



THEY WON'T SEE THIS ROPE
UNDER THE HARNESS. RANG-
YOU'VE GOT TO REACH THE
GIRL AND HELP HER ESCAPE.
UNDERSTAND?



THE SAFETY OF THE GIRL WAS UPPERMOST IN
THEIR MINDS. SO THEY MOVED VERY CAUTIOUSLY.



RANG UNDERSTOOD VERY WELL. HE
KNEW THE GIRL MUST BE OUT OF
THE BUILDING BEFORE BLACKIE AND
HIS MEN COULD BE ATTACKED.

I THOUGHT IT WAS
THE COPS BUT IT'S
ONLY A DOG...!



WHAT A MUTT!
JUST AS YELLOW AS
THE COPS. NO USE
WASTIN' LEAD ON HIM.





TIMING HIS LEAP PERFECTLY, RANG WAS AT THE GUNMAN'S THROAT BEFORE HE COULD GIVE AN ALARM ----- MEANWHILE



THE GIRL REALIZES THAT RANG WAS SENT TO HELP HER. AND SEEING THE ROPE, SHE UNTIES IT.



RANG DID IT!
NOW WE CAN TAKE
BLACKIE. YOUR
FATHER IS HERE.

HE IS A
WONDERFUL DOG!



WITH THE GIRL SAFE, THE POLICE ATTACK IN FORCE, WITH A BARRAGE OF TEAR-GAS AND BULLETS.



REACH HIGH!
RANG-OVER HERE.
IF THERE IS A REWARD
FOR BLACKIE YOU OUGHT
TO GET IT!

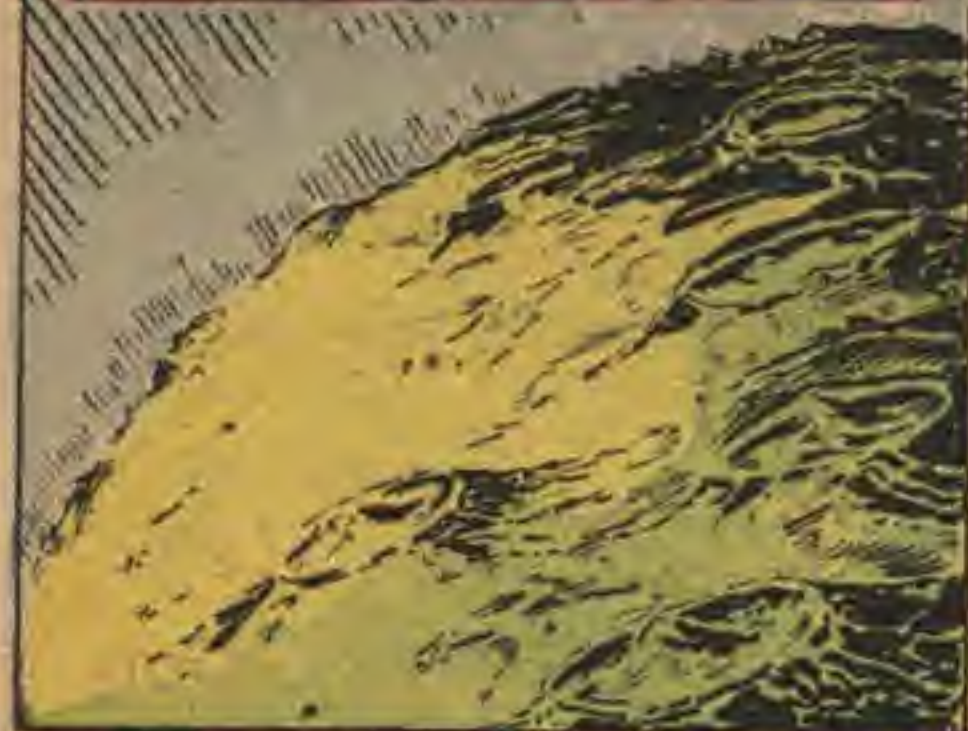
'YOU BET
HE WILL!



THEY'VE MADE YOU A FULL FLEDGED
POLICEMAN, RANG. THAT MEANS
YOU EAT REGULARLY. AND DON'T
WORRY... WE'LL HAVE MORE
WORK FOR YOU TO DO.

SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON
COMICS, FOR MORE EXCITING ADVENTURES
FEATURING RANG-A-TANG.

DAN HASTINGS



FIVE SHIPS FROM MARS, BEARING RADIUM ORE, HAVE VANISHED...WHILE GOING PAST THE MOON. YOU ARE ORDERED TO INVESTIGATE, HASTINGS!



IMMEDIATELY, SIR!

THERE IS THE LATEST FREIGHT SHIP FROM MARS.



LOOK! IT IS DISAPPEARING INTO THIN AIR...

AS I THOUGHT...THE RAIDERS HAVE AN INVISIBILITY FIELD. THEIR BASE IS NEAR COPERNICUS CRATER.

I'M GOING AFTER THEM RIGHT NOW! WHERE ARE BOB AND GLORIA?



DR. CARTER USES HIS ULTRA-SCOPE....

LAND YOUR SHIP, EARTHLINGS... OR BE SHOT DOWN!

BOB, WHO IS IT?



MEXIDIANS!

IN THE MEANTIME, BOB AND GLORIA, IN A SPEEDY ROCKET RUNABOUT, ACCIDENTALLY STUMBLE ON THE RAIDERS HIDEOUT.....



FORCED TO LAND, THE LITTLE SHIP HEADS DOWN FOR A DOME...WHICH YAWNS OPEN...!



DOWN THAT HALL,
GET GOING!

THESE MEXIDIANS
ARE UP TO NO GOOD
IN THIS CRATER...

OH, BOB,
I'M AFRAID!
I WISH DAN
WERE HERE!



EUTOPAS!
YOU?
YOU TRIED TO
CONQUER EARTH
ONCE!

AND I FAILED, BUT
I WON'T FAIL THIS
TIME ... URSULIS,
THE TELEVISOR!

OH!



BOB AND GLORIA ARE
MY PRISONERS, DAN
HASTINGS.... DON'T
ATTACK, OR THEY
WILL MEET WITH
DEATH!

STEADY DR.
CARTER!

WHY YOU...
YOU BEAST!

DAN, AT THE HEAD OF HIS POLICE FLEET, RECEIVES A
MESSAGE FROM EUTOPAS....



I WON'T ATTACK,
BUT I HAVE YOU
BOTTLED UP,
EUTOPAS.
WHAT CAN YOU
DO?



SOMETHING MUST BE
DONE, DAN! ALL THAT
RADIUM HE CAPTURED
FROM THOSE SHIPS...
HE'S PLANNING
SOME DEVILTRY WITH
IT!

TORN BETWEEN DUTY AND LOVE, DAN
PLAYS FOR TIME...

AS DR. CARTER AND DAN TRY TO
FORMULATE A PLAN OF ATTACK....



DAN!
ATTACK, -EVEN IF WE
ARE KILLED.. HE MEANS
TO DESTROY EARTH!!

...AND THEN SUDDENLY, BACK IN EUTOPA'S
ROOM, BOB ACTS WITH TIGERISH SPEED.....



....DAN WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY, ATTACKS...!



THEY MUST
HAVE SECRET
UNDERGROUND
QUARTERS! WE
MUST RAID THOSE!

THE POLICE FLEET LEVELS THE MEXIDIAN'S
CAMP... BUT STILL GUNS FIRE BACK.....



THIS WAY,
MEN!

DAN LEADS HIS MEN TO ONE OF THE
UNDERGROUND PASSAGES, AND THEY ENTER...



WHEN THEY COME
WITHIN RANGE
KILL THEM ALL BUT
HASTINGS AND DR.
CARTER!

... BUT, EUTOPAS AND HIS RENEGADES ARE
WAITING FOR THEM!



...DAN AND HIS MEN ARE NO MATCH FOR THE FIERCE MEXIDIANS, WHO OUTNUMBER THEM...



GLORIA!
BOB!

BOY, ARE WE
GLAD TO SEE
YOU TWO!

DAD!

...ALL OF DANS' MEN ARE KILLED, DR. CARTER AND DAN ARE CAPTURED AND IMPRISONED!



DAD, EUTOPAS HAS BEEN RAVING ABOUT 'SPACE-WARP', AND I THINK HE IS READY TO TRY IT SOON...!



ALL IS READY,
MASTER!

AH, GOOD!
SOON EARTH WILL BE
GONE AND I WILL RULE
THE SOLAR SYSTEM!

EUTOPAS FORCES URSULIS TO COMPLETE THE EXPERIMENT....



AND NOW THE GREAT
MOMENT HAS COME!
I PULL THE MASTER
LEVER AND.....



WHAT IS IT,
DR. CARTER?

IT MEANS HE HAS
SUCCEEDED!

...THE FOUR PRISONERS ARE BEWILDERED, AS THE POWERFUL FORCE JOLTS AND ROCKS THEM ABOUT!



DR. CARTER EXPLAINS WHAT THE "SPACE-WARP" WILL DO... THE MOON AND EARTH WILL COLLIDE!



LOOK!
THE VIOLENT MOTION
HAS CRACKED THE
WALL.

GOOD, NOW
WE CAN ESCAPE!



THERE MUST BE AN
UNDERGROUND SHIP
HANGER SOMEWHERE.

DAN LEADS THE WAY...



SOON NOW IT WILL BE
OVER... SEE HOW
THEY COME CLOSER
AND CLOSER.....!

WHILE EUTOPAS GLOATS OVER HIS
SOON TO-BE TRIUMPH.....



...DESTROYING EACH
OTHER, THE MOON AND
EARTH WILL FALL
INTO THE SUN...

THEN MEXADY WILL
TAKE EARTH'S PLACE
IN ITS ORBIT!



THIS WAY LEADS
TO THE OPEN
AND OUR SHIPS.
WHEN YOU GET
OUT WARM
EARTH!

AND YOU INTEND
TO FIND
EUTOPAS?

GOODBY DAN,
TAKE CARE OF
YOURSELF!



DAN OVERCOMES ONE OF THE GUARDS
AND CAPTURES HIS GUN...

NOW I'VE
GOT A GUN!

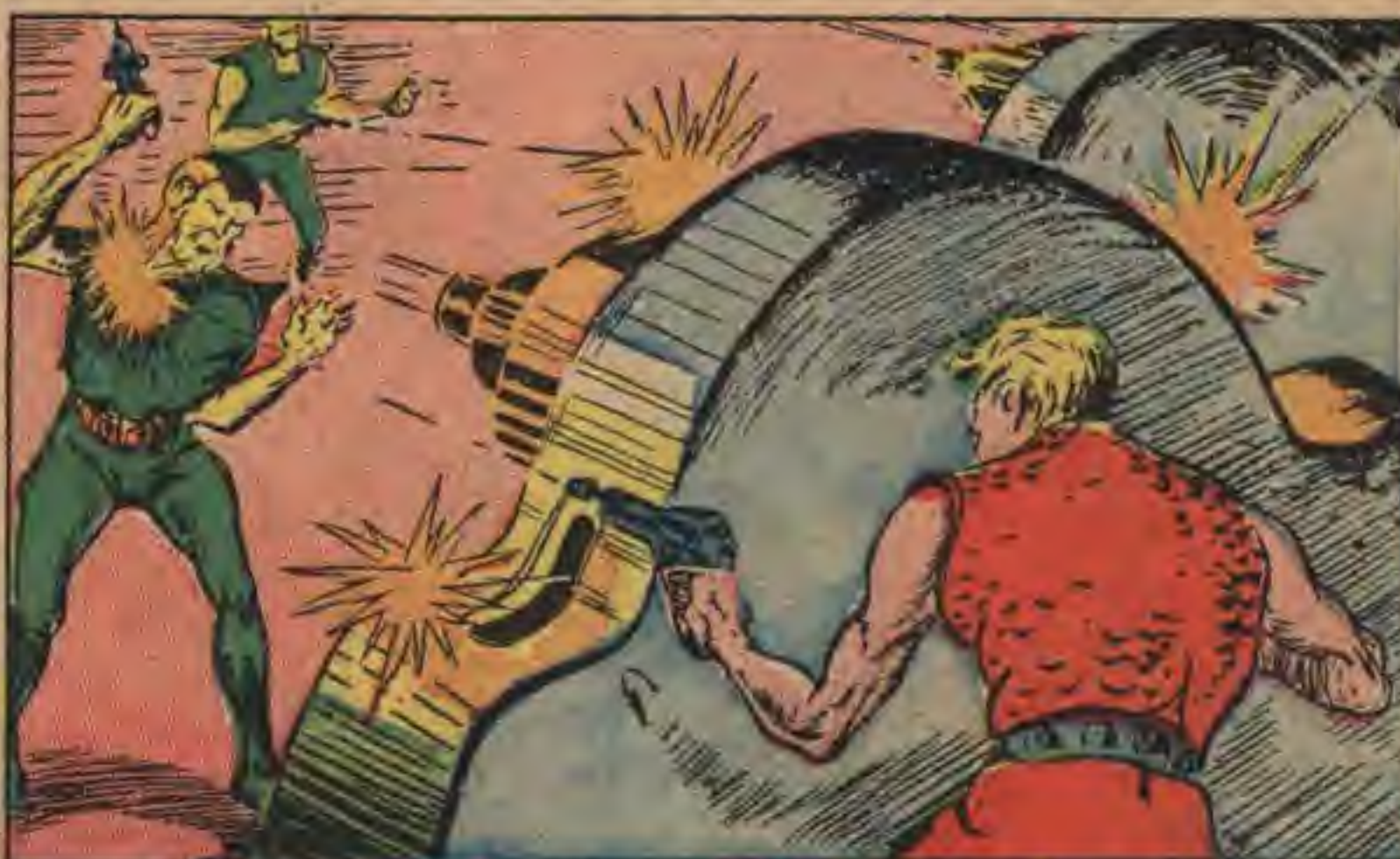


WITH IT, DAN IS MORE CONFIDENT, BUT HE DOES
NOT KNOW THA EUTOPAS HAS USED EVERY MEANS..

AN INTRUDER
IS BY THE DOOR
MASTER!



TO PROTECT HIMSELF, AN
'ELECTRIC EYE' GIVES THE...



ALARM, EUTOPAS, URSULIS AND THE GUARDS RUSH DAN, HE PUTS UP
A TERRIFIC BATTLE, BUT URSULIS USES A 'PARALYSIS RAY' GUN AND.



EUTOPAS ORDERS DAN THROWN TO A GHASTLY LIVING TOMB... INTO...THE PIT...OF DARKNESS!



THE FALL DID NOT KILL DAN, AND HOURS LATER HE GAINS CONTROL OF

HIS MUSCLES AGAIN. DUE TO THE LIGHT GRAVITY PULL ON THE MOON, DAN IS ABLE TO USE HIS ROCKET BLAST GUN AS A MEANS OF PROPULSION, AND GRADUALLY WORKS HIS WAY UP.





BRUISED AND TIRED, DAN HAS ONE MORE LEDGE TO REACH.



SO WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, HIS POWERFUL MUSCLES STRAINED TO THE UTMOST, HE REACHES THE TOP.



ONCE AGAIN HE HEADS FOR THE LAIR OF EUTOPAS....



MEANWHILE... DR CARTER, GLORIA AND BOB ARE CAPTURED AND BROUGHT BEFORE EUTOPAS.....



DAN HASTINGS IS DEAD!
GLORIA YOU WILL BE MY QUEEN WHEN I RULE THE SOLAR SYSTEM!

I PREFER DEATH TO YOU!



EARTHLINGS, OUR SCIENCE IS GREATER THAN YOURS! EARTH IS DOOMED!



DR. CARTER IS DETERMINED UPON A BOLD PLAN TO REVERSE THE SPACE-WARP! URSULIS AND EUTOPAS, OVER CONFIDENT OF VICTORY, PROUDLY SHOW...



DR. CARTER THE FEARFUL SPACE-WARP MACHINE. HE STUDIES IT FOR A MOMENT AND THEN, VERY CAUTIOUSLY, LOOSENS A WIRE!



... AND SUDDENLY A WHINING AND TEARING OF TREMENDOUS FORCES ...



AT LAST, THE SPACE-WARP IS REVERSED! NOW FOR EUTOPAS!

UNLEASHED AND UNCONTROLLED, FILL THE ROOM, DR. CARTER RUSHES TO THE MASTER SWITCH AND PULLS IT BACK TO NEUTRAL! EARTH IS SAVED!



SURRENDER EUTOPAS, OR I'LL SHOOT....!

IN THE ENSUING CONFUSION, DAN HAS BEEN ABLE TO GET PAST THE GAURDS, HE RUSHES TOWARDS EUTOPAS, INTENT UPON CAPTURING HIM....



WE SHALL MEET AGAIN, DAN HASTINGS!

BUT EUTOPAS, REALIZING THAT ALL IS LOST, PASSES A SECRET BUTTON, AND A TRAP DOOR OPENS.....

HASTINGS I WARN
YOU, YOU WILL NOT
GET OUT OF HERE
ALIVE...!

URSULIS, YOU ARE MY
PRISONER, IT IS YOUR
OWN LIFE YOU RISK IF
YOU TRY ANY TRICKS!



EUTOPAS ESCAPES, BUT URSULIS IS CAPTURED, AND DAN
PREPARES TO DESTROY ALL THE MACHINERY.

DAN, LOOK!
THE
TELEVISOR!

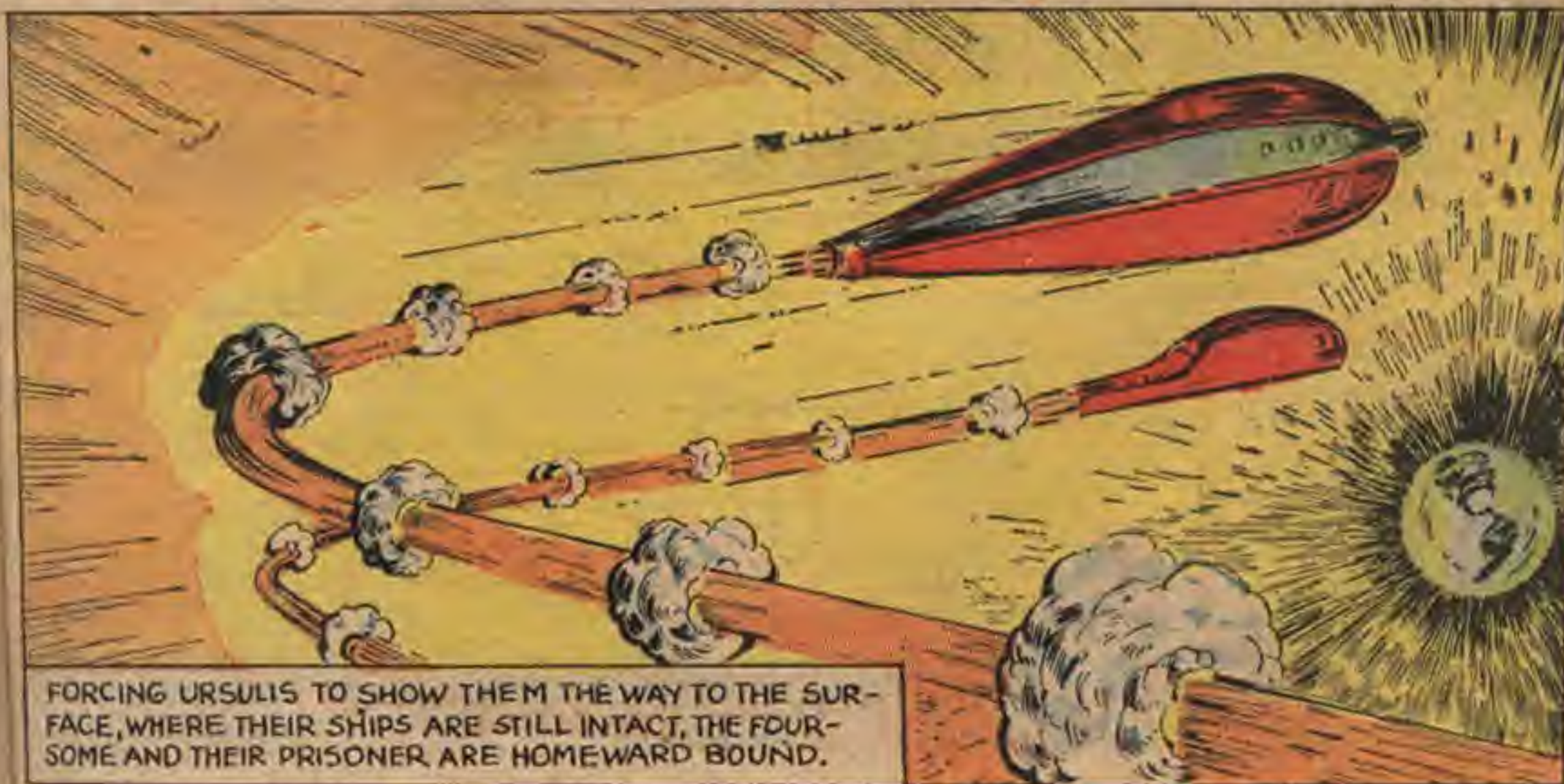


DAN HASTINGS.. CALLING
DAN HASTINGS...REPORT..
MOON BACK IN NORMAL
ORBIT...RETURN TO
HEADQUARTERS...BRING
PRISONERS...COME IN DAN..

DAN HASTINGS REPORTING...HAVE
ONLY ONE PRISONER, URSULIS,..
EUTOPAS ESCAPED... DESTROYED
TIME-WARP MACHINE...THAT IS ALL..



DAN MAKES HIS REPORT, AND THEY ALL BREATHE
A SIGH OF RELIEF.



FORCING URSULIS TO SHOW THEM THE WAY TO THE SUR-
FACE, WHERE THEIR SHIPS ARE STILL INTACT, THE FOUR-
SOME AND THEIR PRISONER ARE HOMEWARD BOUND.

Buck STACEY



A BAD BARGAIN

SHORE, SANDRA, IT WON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE ABOUT THE LOAN — YOU WRITE AN' LET ME KNOW HOW MUCH YUH NEED.



I'M SORRY, STEVE. I JUST DON'T FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT YOU —



SHUCKS, TH' LOAN'S A PERSONAL THING—BUSINESS. GLAD TO LET YUH HAVE IT ANY TIME.



YOU'RE KIND, STEVE. I'VE LOST SO MANY CATTLE THIS YEAR, THAT WITHOUT IT I DON'T KNOW—



BUCK STACEY, YOUNG RANGE DETECTIVE, HIRED BY SANDRA TO FIND THE CATTLE THIEVES, APPROACHES THE HOUSE.



PARDON, MA'AM!

YES, STACEY?



RECKON YUH GOT BUSINESS, SANDRA. I'LL BE GOIN'.



WELL, STACEY?

ARE YOU A FRIEND O' VANCES, MA'AM? A GOOD FRIEND?



I DON'T BELIEVE IT'S ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS! YOU WERE HIRED TO FIND CATTLE RUSTLERS, NOT TO MEDDLE WITH MY PERSONAL AFFAIRS!

I'M SORRY, MA'AM. I—I WAS ONLY WONDERIN'



SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU HAVE DONE IN THE MONTH YOU'VE BEEN HERE!

WELL, NOT NOTHIN' DEFINITE—YET.

NOT YET! THEN TELL ME PLEASE WHEN YOU EXPECT TO! PERHAPS BEING A RANGE DETECTIVE IS JUST A WAY OF AVOIDING WORK!

I WAS AFRAID YUH'D FEEL THAT WAY, MA'AM. I'LL QUIT, IF YUH'D RATHER.

SO YOU WANT TO QUIT! VERY WELL, SUPPOSE YOU WAIT A COUPLE OF DAYS. THERE ARE A FEW JOBS TO BE DONE, AND THE MEN ARE BUSY.

VERY GOOD, MA'AM.

BUCK STACEY, HIS EARS BURNING, GOES TO THE BUNK HOUSE. HE LOOKS TO SEE THAT NO ONE IS LOOKING.

I WOULDN'T NOHOW DESERT HER, BUT I RECKON THE RUSTLERS'VE LAID OFF. RECKON I'D BETTER QUIT AN' WORK ALONE.

SHORE ENOUGH, VANCE'S BIN 8'S ON TH' OUTSIDE O' TH' HIDE. BUT TH' INSIDE SHORE SHOWS SANDRA CUMMING'S CIRCLE R!

CAN'T NOHOW FIGURE WHY A MAN WITH VANCE'S MONEY'D WANTA RUSTLE HER CATTLE WHEN SHE'S DERN NEAR BROKE—AN' THEM BEIN' SO FRIENDLY!

WAL, HOW YUH MAKIN' OUT, STACEY?

SO-SO, HACKERMAN. BEIN' FOREMAN, YUH OUGHTA KNOW TH' RUSTLERS'VE LAID OFF

BEN HACKERMAN, CIRCLE R FOREMAN, ENTERS. STACEY PUSHES THE STEER HIDE OUT OF SIGHT. HACKERMAN IS THE ONLY MAN ON THE CIRCLE R WHO KNOWS STACEY'S PURPOSE.

AN' I RECKON YUH GOT A FINGER IN THIS, HACKERMAN!



THE FOLLOWING DAY—

HERE'S ONE JOB I WANT YOU TO DO, STACEY. TAKE THIS LETTER TO STEVE VANCE, WAIT FOR AN ANSWER.

YES, MA'AM



STACEY FUMES AT VANCE'S APPARENT TREACHERY AS HE STARTS. HE DOES NOT NOTICE HACKERMAN FOLLOWING HIM.



HELLO, VANCE.

H'LO, STACEY. WHAT YUH DOIN' HERE?



A NOTE FROM MISS CUMMINGS, VANCE. SHE WANT'S AN ANSWER.

COME ON INSIDE



I'LL HAVE THIS ANSWER FINISHED IN A MINUTE, STACEY. SET DOWN.



JEST A MINUTE, STACEY. I GOTTA GET SOME SEALIN' WAX

ALL RIGHT, NO HURRY.



AFTER ALL, IT'S MY BUSINESS TUH FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT—IF VANCE'S DUMB ENOUGH TUH LEAVE THESE HERE LETTERS OPEN.



I appreciate your kindness. I will need ten thousand dollars, and don't know what I would do without this help.

Sincerely,
Sandra Cummings

is okay.
at the Red
City Bank at
o'clock tomorrow
afternoon and the
money will be
turned over.
Yours truly
Steve

SO SHE'S BORROWIN' FROM VANCE! WELL, SHE'LL PAY PLENTY FER THAT LOAN — IF SHE ONLY KNEW IT!



MEANWHILE, VANCE MEETS HACKERMAN

IF HE FALLS FER IT, WE MAY BE ABLE T'GIT HIM OUT O' HERE. YOU TAKE TH'MEN TO CANYON PASS.

RIGHT, STEVE. HE AINT DOIN' EITHER O' US ANY GOOD.



ALL RIGHT, HERE'S TH' ANSWER.

THANKS



SORRY TUH KEEP YUH WAITIN', STACEY.

'SALL RIGHT. BEEN IMPROVIN' M' MIND. GOIN' IN FER ART AN' SUCH.



STACEY RIDES SLOWLY TOWARD THE CIRCLE R. SPECULATING ON THE EFFECTS OF THE DEAL SANDRA IS CONTEMPLATING.



AND WHEN HE REACHES CANYON PASS, NIGHT HAS FALLEN



REACH HIGH, HOMBRE!





DROP DOWN, COWBOY!

RECKON YUH GOT A BAD HAUL IN THIS PUNCHER!



WE BEEN WATCHIN' YUH, COWBOY. WE KNOW YUH'RE CARRYIN' TH' LOOT FROM TH' RED CITY BANK HOLDUP!

NOW I KNOW YUH'RE CRAZY! I AIN'T GOT A DOLLAR ON ME!



SEARCH HIM, MEN!



NOTHIN' ON HIM ONLY THIS HERE LETTER!

LET'S HAVE A LOOK.



RECKON WE MADE A MISTAKE, COWBOY. WE'LL HAVE T' HOLD YUH FER AWHILE, I'M AFEEERED, 'TIL WE GIT WHAT WE'RE AFTER—



JEST A MINUTE. HOMBRES —



WHAT'S ON YORE MIND, HACKERMAN? I KNEW YORE VOICE ALL ALONG — AN' YUH KNEW I HAD NOTHIN' TO DO WITH ANY BANK HOLDUP!

WHY, YUH—



THIS MEAN'S STACEY, THAT YUH WON'T NEVER HAVE TH' CHANCE TO TELL NO ONE! WHEN YUH PULLED DOWN THAT MASK, YUH PULLED DOWN YORE OWN CURTAIN!

THE SECOND INSTALLMENT OF THIS GREAT STORY WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE. *DON'T MISS IT!*

BRAIN-TEASERS



A E E
H N O
P T



TRY TO PRINT THE ABOVE EIGHT-LETTERS IN THE EMPTY SQUARES SO THAT THE COMBINED LETTERS WILL SPELL SIX THREE-LETTER WORDS READING DOWN AND ACROSS. THE (R) WAS PLACED IN THE CENTER TO GIVE YOU A START.

WHAT WILL THIS UNFINISHED PICTURE BE? CONNECT ALL THE DOTS IN THEIR ORDER TO COMPLETE IT.



WILLIE QUACK CAN DIVIDE THE ABOVE SQUARE INTO 7 PARTS BY DRAWING 3 STRAIGHT LINES FROM BORDER TO BORDER. EACH DIVISION MUST CONTAIN 2 EGGS. CAN YOU DO IT?

HOW TO DRAW A WREATH



FIRST DRAW A CIRCLE



THEN ADD THESE FEW LINES



AND THEN THE FINISHING TOUCHES

ANSWER TO SIX THREE-LETTER WORDS

H	A	R
E	R	E
P	A	T

ANSWER TO FOUR WORD SENTENCE BY ADDING "O'S" IS + DON'T BORROW FROM TO-MORROW

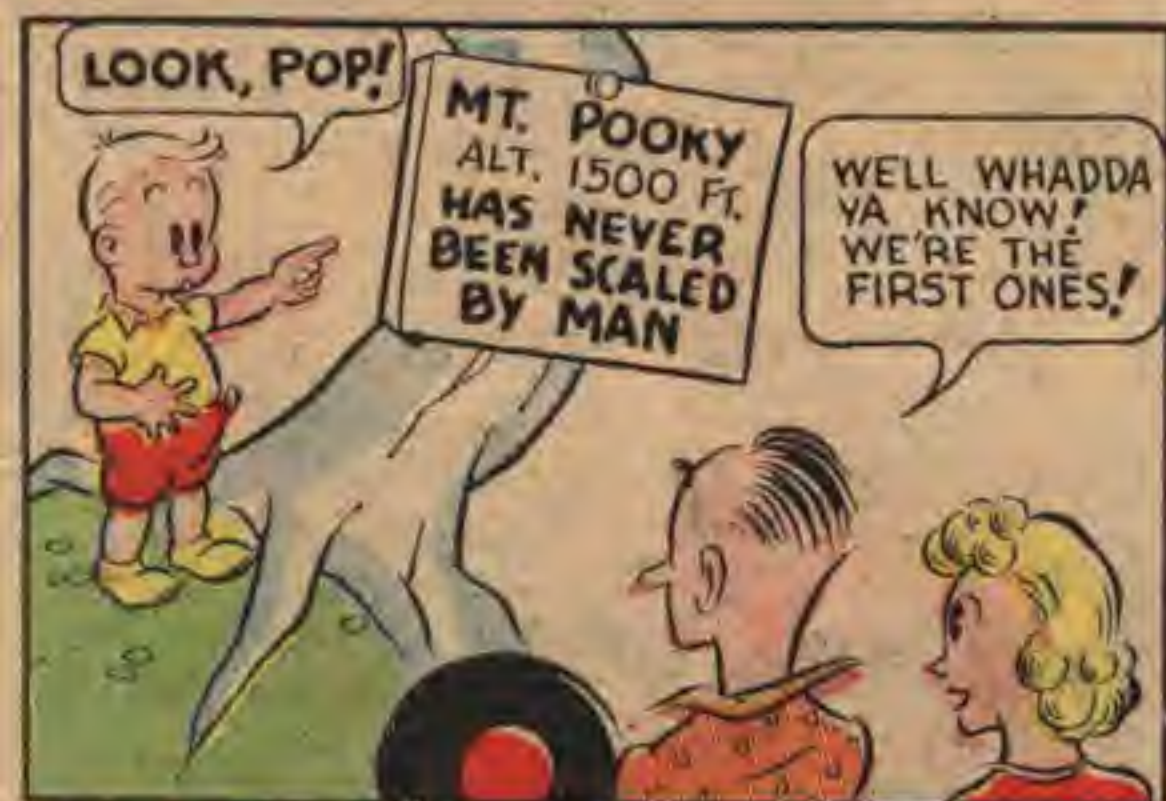


WILLIE QUACK ANSWERS

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON THIS PAGE

FOXY GRANDPA









IMA SLOTH

by
JACK COLE

SECRET
AGENT-B.O.



HALP!
ROBBERS!!

—CLICK—

?

WHAT? HOW?
YWHO? YWHERE?



GOTTA
TRACE TH'
CALL!



WHY IT'S GYP-
THE-DIP TUNING
IN ON HIS PET
PROGRAM !!

ACME
SAFE



SHUCKS!-HE'S WEARIN'
GLOVES! GOTTA LOOK
FOR SOME OTHER CLUES

ACME
SAFE



AH, EVIDENCE!

BAM!



YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST, GYP!

WHUT
FER?



FER SHOOTIN'
SIX COPS AN
A LIGHT-BULB!

BUT YOUR
HORRER,-I'VE
GOT A PISTOL
PERMIT!!







LAUGHS

"I'M GOING TO WILL MY BODY
TO THE NATIONAL LEATHER
BAG CO. FOR RESEARCH
STUDY"

CANNED
FISH
— CO. —

"EMPLOYMENT CO.
SEND ME UP A—
STENOGRAPHER—
I JUST CANNED
MY OLD ONE."

"IT'S NOW
4-A-M.
YOU SHOULD
BE ASHAMED
OF YOUR—
SELVES"

"SURE I COULD
USE A STENOGRAPHER
HOW'LL I GET YOU
IN THE STORE"

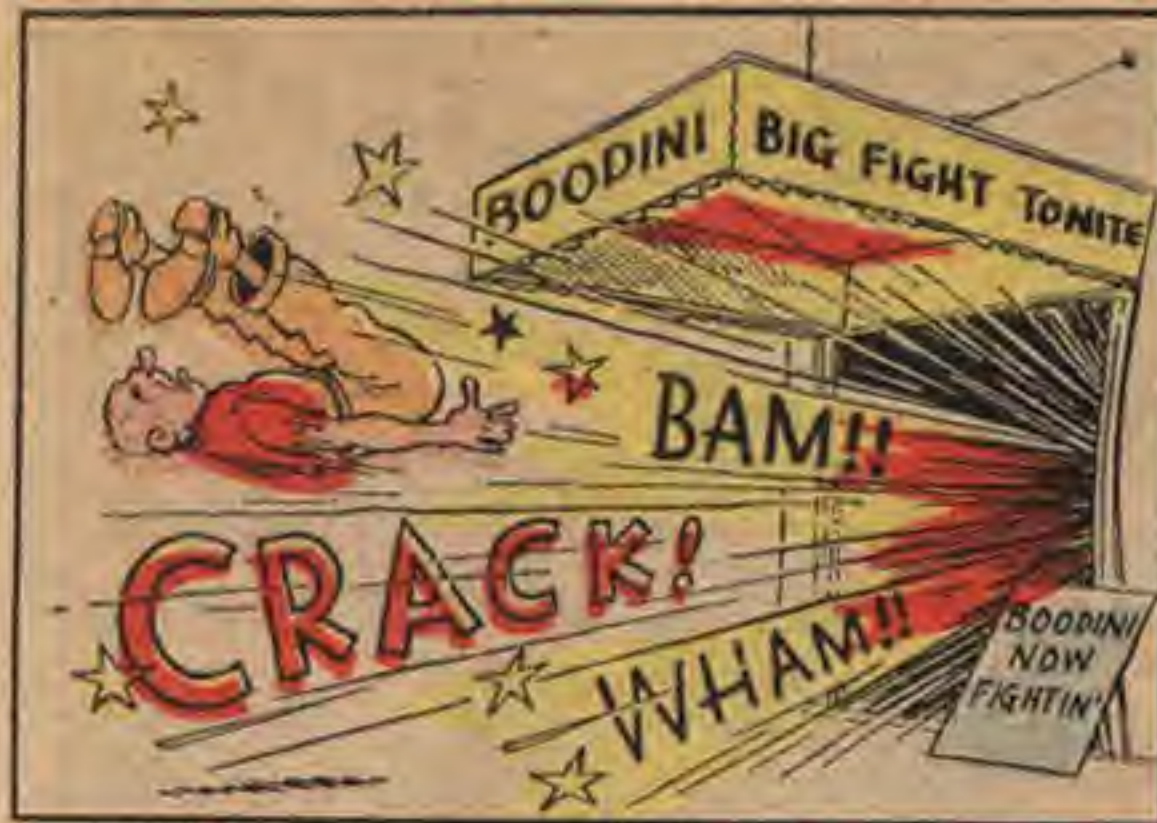
FURNISHED
— ROOM —
TO RENT. ✓

JOE MONK
CLOTHING

PNUTS

Dick
Ryort





BURK *of the* BRINY



JACK BURK AND HIS PAL SCRAPPY WALLIS ARRIVE AT PRINCESS ELIZABETH LAND. AFTER A YEAR AND A HALF, THEIR WORK IS DONE.

WELL, FIFTY POUNDS OF RADIOACTIVE QUARTZ! WE'VE GOT OUR QUOTA. NOW BACK TO THE SHIP!

WE CAN'T FLY BACK TOO SOON FOR ME. THIS PLACE IS GETTING ON MY NERVES. NOTHING TO LOOK AT BUT YOUR HANDSOME PAN.



LOOKS LIKE YOU WERE ABOUT TAKING BACK THAT BUNCH OF STONE SPECIMENS WE DUG UP ON OUR LAST EXPEDITION.

YEP! THE BUREAU OF STANDARDS SAID THAT FIFTY POUNDS WOULD PRODUCE TEN MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF RADIUM.



JACK, EVER THINK WHAT MIGHT'VE HAPPENED TO JOHNSON ON OUR LAST TRIP DOWN HERE.

PLENTY OF TIMES, POOR DEVIL. HE GOT LOST AND FROZE TO DEATH. NO ONE COULD SURVIVE THIS COUNTRY ALONE.



DON'T FORGET TO TURN OUT THAT OIL STOVE BEFORE YOU TURN IN.

UH-HUH.





SCRAPPY! YOU THERE!

IN THE NIGHT JACK STRUGGLES TO WAKE HIMSELF. THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH SMOKE.



HE'S GONE!



WADDING IN THE CHIMNEY! IT SENT THE SMOKE BACK AND DARN NEAR GOT ME!



SCRAPPY'D DO THIS TO ME! THE RAT!



IT'S HIS LIFE OR MINE!



I CAN'T DO IT!

I'LL GET HIM IF I CROSS
ANTARTICA!



DON'T MOVE, YOU
DEVIL, TO THINK
I TRUSTED YOU!

HELP ME JACK...
I'M---!



YOU--YOU'RE SHOT,
SCRAPPY!

YEAH--I'M--SHOT
--I'LL GET TO
CAMP--YOU GO
THAT WAY...



WELL, I'LL BE.



WHAT JACK SAW



THIS BEARS LOOKING INTO



HE REACHES THE SHACK AND KNOCKS.



JOHNSON!

DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED, BURK. I'M GETTIN' ON ALL RIGHT. IN FINE SHAPE TO TAKE THAT LITTLE HAUL OF YOURS BACK TO THE STATES.



JACK SEES JOHNSON'S TRIGGER FINGER TWITCH AND HE DODGES JUST IN TIME.



JACK LUNGES AT JOHNSON AND KNOCKS HIM BACKWARD----





-- JACK DESPERATELY HAULS JOHNSON OUTSIDE.



DEAD - MAYBE THESE PAPERS 'LL TELL ME SOMETHING!



I HEARD A NOISE IN THE SHACK AND WENT AFTER JOHNSON. HE SHOT ME JUST BEFORE YOU CAME UP!

ALL THE TIME WE THOUGHT JOHNSON WAS LOST, HE WAS WORKING FOR A BIG TRUST TO ROB THE ORE.



BUT HE WAS TOO DUMB TO RECOGNIZE IT, YET HE WAS THE ONLY ONE TO KNOW THE GENERAL LOCATION. HE JUST HAD TO WAIT TILL WE RETURNED.

WELL, I'M GLAD WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE GOOD OLD U.S.A. I AINT HAD A GOOD FIGHT IN TWO YEARS.

Ages OF ANIMALS



WILD TURKEYS, THE BIRDS THAT HAVE PLAYED A BIG PART IN OUR HISTORY ARE EXCEPTIONALLY HARDY AND HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO LIVE TO THE RIPE OLD AGE OF 22 YEARS. THE AVERAGE, HOWEVER, IS 14 YEARS.



ANT-EATER, A SOUTH AMERICAN ANIMAL THAT LIVES ON INSECTS. HIS TONGUE IS COVERED WITH A STICKY SALIVA WHICH HE USES TO CATCH ANTS. HIS LIFE AVERAGES 12 YEARS, MOST OF WHICH IS SPENT IN SLEEP.



GOATS-ON THE SUNNY SLOPES OF THE ROCKIES. THESE STURDY ANIMALS WILL LIVE FOR 20 YEARS. THEIR FOOD CONSISTS OF MOUNTAIN VEGETATION.



RACOONS, CUNNING LITTLE ANIMALS WITH MANY TRICKS AND SURPRISING LONG LIFE WHICH WILL EXTEND OVER A PERIOD OF 16 TO 20 YEARS.

King Koles' Kourt

by
GEO. NAGLE



THIS SITUATION IS
DRIVING ME NUTS.



YOU PUT MY
KINGDOM ON
THE BUM —
WE'RE BROKE.



YOU RANG
SIRE?

WHERE'S
YOUR DUDS



I HAD TO
HOCK MY
UNIFORM TO
PAY MY RENT

HMMMM!
WHAT'S THE
RUMPUS?
OUTSIDE?



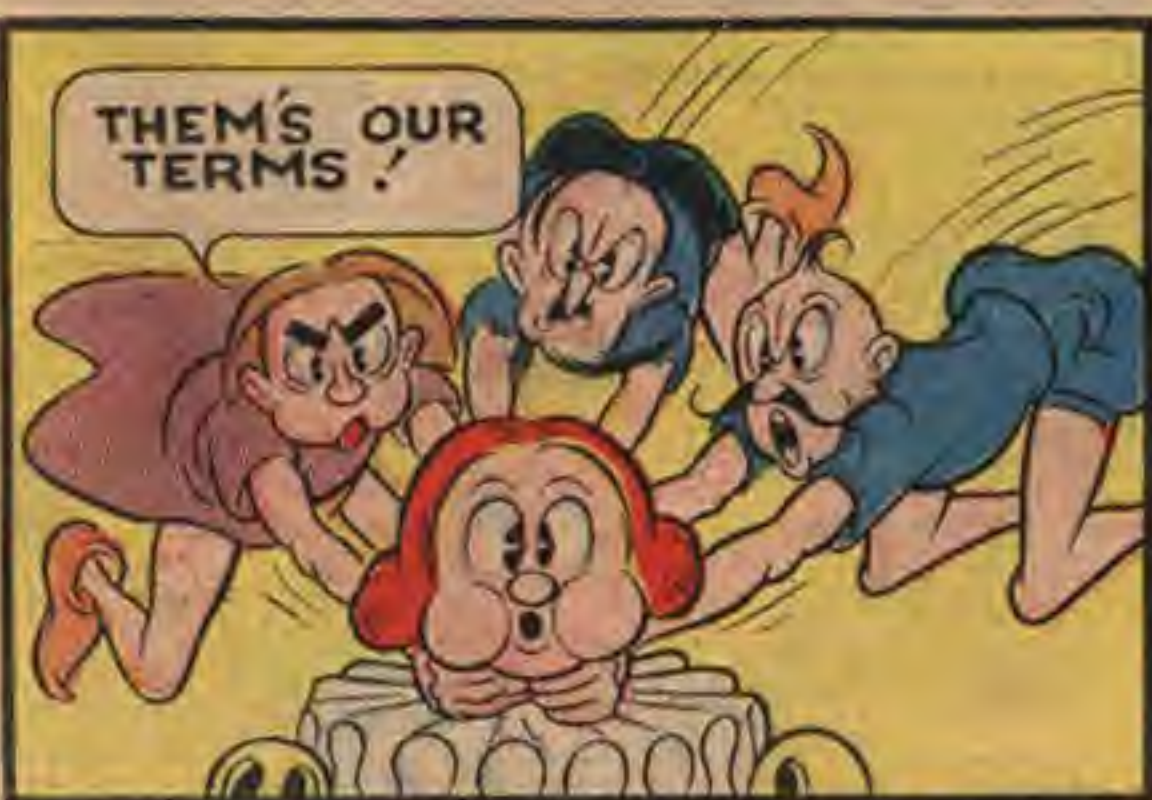
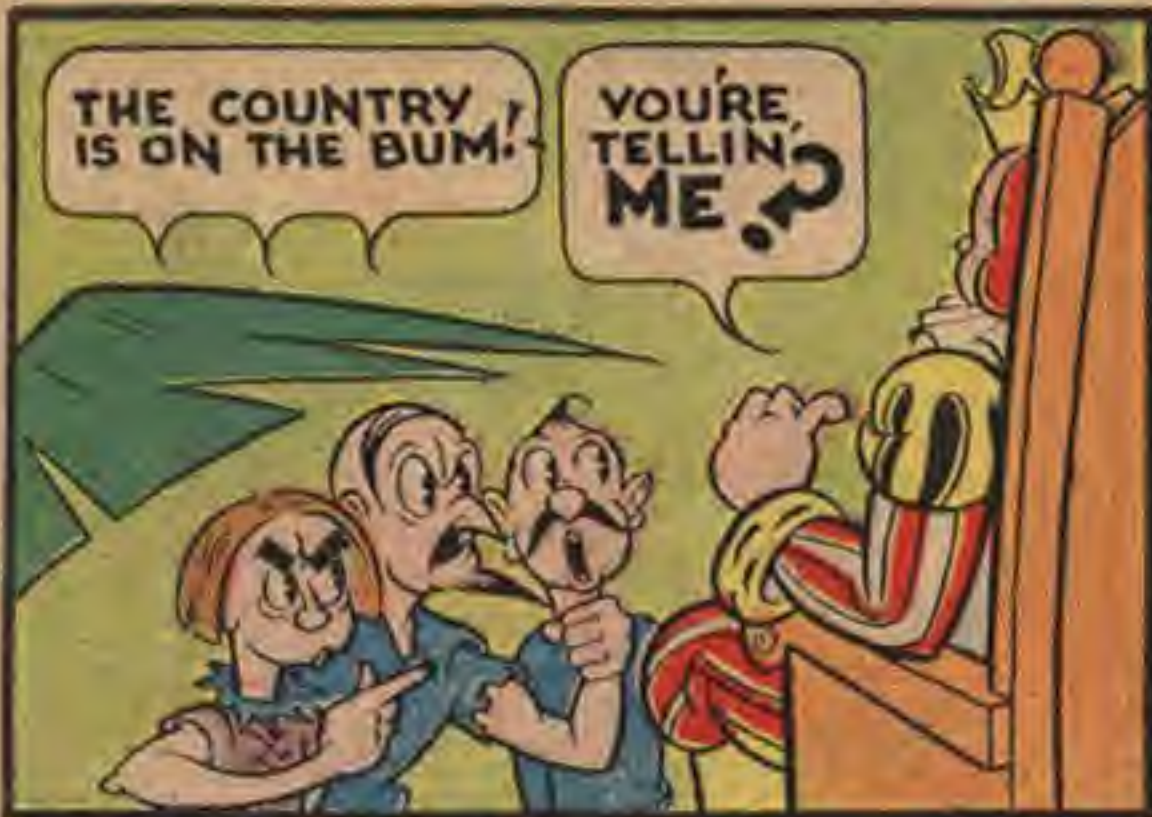
A DELEGATION
OF WORKERS
TO SEE YOU.

WE'LL SHOW
THEM IN!



WELL, STATE
YOUR COMPLAINT!





VILLAGE OF Missing Men

by
CLIFF
Thorndyke



WHITE BWANA BAD. KILL MY SON, KEEP MY HUSBAND AWAY. KILL HIM, TOO -- MAYBE.



TELL THEM TO WORK AND GET DIAMONDS. ONE HUNDRED STONES AND THEY CAN RETURN TO THEIR WIVES.



EASIEST RACKET IN THE WORLD THESE NATIVES KNOW WHERE THE STONES ARE. WE HOLD THEIR WIVES UNTIL THEY BRING US ENOUGH.



YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT, BARRETT. THE DIAMOND PATROL WILL INVESTIGATE.

SO? THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW WE'RE HERE. GET BACK TO WORK OR I'LL TIE THAT DAUGHTER OF YOURS OUT IN THE SUN UNTIL SHE GOES CRAZY.



THINGS ARE TOO QUIET HERE. I DON'T LIKE IT.

THE PROFESSOR'S GOT YOU WORRIED WITH HIS TALK ABOUT THE DIAMOND PATROL. I'D LIKE TO SEE SOME OF THEM.



WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT!
SCREWY AS AN HYENA.



WE'RE GOING TO
HAVE COMPANY,
DENNY. WATCH
YOURSELF.

HOW DO YOU
EXPECT TO
ROUND UP
FIFTEEN ARMED
MEN, ANYWAY?



A COUPLE OF NATURE
LOVERS, HUH?
MAYBE YOU'D LIKE
TO WORK FOR US.

SURE--THE PAY IS
SWELL, IF YOU
WORK. A BULLETT
THROUGH THE
BACK IF YOU DON'T.



WE'LL WORK ON
YOU--NOT FOR YOU!

WATCH ME LAND
THIS SPECIMEN.



THIS ONE'S MINE.



ALL RIGHT, MUGGS--
BEAT IT! DON'T LOOK
BACK OR I'LL DRILL YOU.



LOOKS LIKE WE'RE
RIGHT, DENNY. NO
MEN IN SIGHT,
NOTICE? MAKING
THEM WORK AS SLAVES.



I TOLD YOU TO DRIVE THOSE BLACKS
HARDER. YOU'RE A MINING ENGINEER--YOU
OUGHT TO KNOW HOW TO GET MORE STONES.



WOW! WE'VE GOT COMPANY
AND I DON'T LIKE THEM. RUN
FOR IT, JOE!



DON'T HURT THEM TO MUCH. THEY
CAN WORK WITH THE NATIVES.



DON'T SHOOT. YOU HEARD WHAT
BARRETT SAID. WE NEED HIM ALIVE.



THANKS FOR LETTING ME
KNOW YOU WOULDN'T SHOOT.



CAN'T TIE YOU UP BECAUSE LIONS
LIKE HYENA MEAT - WHEN THEY'RE
HUNGRY. BACK YOU GO -- AND TELL
BARRETT I'VE ONLY STARTED.



BURYING THESE GUNS WILL MEAN
LESS MEN BURIED THE SAME
WAY. TO MAKE A TIGER HELPLESS,
YOU TAKE THE CLAWS AND FANGS
AWAY.



MUST RISK IT. CAN'T LEAVE DENNY
ALONE. BLUFF MAY DO THE TRICK.



IF YOU DIDN'T LOOK LIKE SAPS,
I'D SAY YOU WERE SPIES. WHO
ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING
HERE?



WE'RE ENTOMOLOGISTS -- LOOKING FOR
RARE SPECIMENS. BUT WE DON'T LIKE
TO BE HELD UP BY MEN WITH GUNS.



PUT THEM TO WORK. THEY'RE JUST A COUPLE OF SAPS. BUT THEY LOOK STRONG. GIVE THEM A TASTE OF THE WHIP IF THEY STALL



THEY FORCE FATHER TO SUPERVISE THE MINE. THE NATIVES ARE MADE TO TURN OVER ALL THE DIAMONDS BEFORE BARRETT WILL RELEASE THEIR WIVES. IT'S SLAVERY.



BWANA WITH GUN THINK YOU ARE ME. WORK AMONG ROCKS. STAY LOW.

YES, BWANA. ME DO.



YOU'RE NUMBER SIX--WHICH MEANS I'VE TACKLED MOST OF YOU. BARRETT IS NEXT. YOU CAN TELL HIM SO.



GUNS! GUNS! THIS COUNTRY WOULD BE BETTER OFF IF IT NEVER SAW ONE. BUT BARRETT WON'T USE THESE AGAIN.



THE FOOL! WHAT WILL THAT GET HIM. SOON AS HE THROWS THE LAST GUN AWAY, I'LL GET HIM.

ME--I'D RATHER TAKE A SLUG THAN BE SOCKED BY THAT GUY AGAIN. HE PACKS A WALLOP.



SO YOU THREW AWAY YOUR ONE CHANCE OF GETTING US. NOW YOU'RE GOING BACK TO THE VILLAGE AND BECOME A LESSON FOR THE REST. MARCH!



SO YOU WON'T TELL ME WHO YOU ARE, EH? OR WHY YOU TOOK ALL THE GUNS EXCEPT THIS RIFLE AND PISTOL ON MY HIP. I'LL HORSEWHIP YOU UNTIL YOU TALK. GET HIM MEN.



YOU HAVE A CLIP OF BULLETS FOR YOUR RIFLE AND SIX SLUGS FOR YOUR PISTOL, BARRETT. BUT YOU'RE MILES FROM CIVILIZATION. KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS.



IT MEANS THAT I'VE GOT SLUGS ENOUGH TO KILL ALL YOU SADS. I'VE GOT ENOUGH DIAMONDS NOW, TOO. I'LL LEAVE YOU HERE FOR THE VULTURES--HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?



YOUR ONLY HOPE IS TO LET THESE NATIVES GUIDE YOU YOU'RE LICKED BARRETT, DIAMONDS WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD.

A DOZEN BULLETS AND THE ONLY WAY OUT IS THROUGH THE WALA TRIBE COUNTRY THEY KNOW YOU'RE HERE AND THEY'RE WAITING. WITH PLENTY OF GUNS AND AMMUNITION, YOU COULD MAKE IT. BUT NOW YOU'RE DOOMED.



YOU'RE LETTING THEM OFF EASY, JOE JORDAN.

THINK SO? WELL THERE'S A WHOLE DIAMOND PATROL OUT THERE. DENNY AND I CAME AHEAD--TO SAVE YOU AND YOUR FATHER. THE ONLY WAY TO AVOID BLOODSHED WAS BY STEALING THEIR GUNS. I'M MAJOR JORDAN--OF THE DIAMOND PATROL.



DEATH AROUND THE BEND!

BY
"PAT"
GLEASON

Jim Steele pushed aside the flap of his tent and rubbed his eyes sleepily. The South American jungle that hemmed in the camp was teeming with night life as ever, but Steele had heard an alien sound, one that awoke him from a deep sleep.

He picked up a heavy chunk of wood and armed with this he moved warily toward the shed where the explosives were kept. He spotted the silhouetted form of a man standing guard near the path that led to the powder shed. Steele crept toward him, but the guard had the ears of a jungle cat. He whirled around as Steele came at him from the rear. Steele abandoned his desire to keep the fight as noiseless as possible and sailed in, club swinging. The guard had a nickel plated revolver in his fist. It blasted, sending a streak of flame toward Steele. He went into a mighty lunge and brought the guard down. A terrific right hook finished him.

Steele got up instantly, seized the revolver and ran straight toward the powder shed. The other intruders seemed to have melted away. He kicked the door wide and stepped in. The blinding ray of a flashlight blinded him and when he could see again, there were three rifles pointed his way.

Steele laughed. "*Buenos Noches, amigos*," he bowed ironically. "You are a pack of stupid fools. Of what value is a rifle in this shed? Should you fire a single shot, all of us would be blown further than a dozen *mantanas*. Put down those guns!"

The rifles wavered, but they still covered him. One man, a thick set, scowling individual in a semi-military uniform stepped closer.

"You are Jaime Steele, *si*?" he asked.

Steele nodded. "That's me. Now you might as well tell your men to put down their guns because if they don't, I'll send a slug into that bottle of nitro. Come on—pronto now."

But the leader of these men—bandits, Steele figured them—only smirked. Steele began to worry. Usually bluff worked wonders with men such as these—mostly ignorant peons who chose a life of crime instead of the hard work of cultivating farms.

There was a swish and Steele went down under the hard impact of a rifle stock. Two men had remained quietly rigid against the walls beside the door. While the leader held Steele's attention, they moved in. Steele's numbed fingers couldn't have



squeezed the trigger of his revolver if they had wanted to. He slumped down on one knee. The gun was yanked out of his hand and the rifle butts came down again, twice.

Steele vaguely heard shots and screams. His men, who worked on this road cutting project through the jungle, had been awakened, but the bandits were armed and more than a match for them.

Steele awoke to the methodical slapping of his face. He opened his eyes and stared at the dozen men assembled around him. Memory returned with a bitter rush. He sat up and a rifle's muzzle was quickly planted against his chest.

The leader of the bandits squatted on the ground beside Steele.

"I am Juan Santos," he said with exaggerated pride and Steele knew then that his fate would be death. For Juan Santos was renowned as a merciless killer.

"You are the Torpedo Hombre, si?" Juan continued. "The one who blows away tree stumps and rocks?"

"What of it?" Steele asked belligerently.

Juan shrugged. "I have work for you, *senor*. Little work but important. You will prepare the dynamite we have stolen from your camp. It is to be ready for use at once."

Steele pushed away the threatening rifle. "You can prepare it yourself," he told Juan flatly. "I'm not taking part in any crazy scheme of yours. Where am I and what's the idea?"

"You are in my camp, *senor*. It is well hidden so do not hope for Federal troops to rescue you. The dynamite you will prepare—at once—or—"

He whipped a knife out of a belted scabbard and put the point of it against Steele's throat. Steele felt the keen edge prick his flesh and warm blood ran down his neck. There was no use in fighting these odds.

"You win," Steele grunted. "Tell me what you want."

Juan gave orders and Steele was led toward an ancient suburban truck, stolen on one of the band's raids at some wealthy plantation. The dynamite and nitro was carefully piled on the ground not a dozen feet away from the tail board.

Juan said, "The dynamite is to be placed in the truck and prepared so that any impact will blow it up. You have twenty minutes to finish this."

Steele looked around covertly and groaned. There were a dozen men watching him intently but remaining at a respectful distance for none of them possessed much knowledge of explosives and they had a healthy fear of it. Steele opened two boxes of dynamite and silently capped the sticks. He piled the rest of it on the truck, setting the nitro in the exact center so that it would be jarred the least. He threw a coil of copper wire on top of the dynamite cases and nodded toward Juan.

"It is done," he said.

"Bueno," Juan approved. "Now you will turn around, *amigo*. Because you aided me so willingly you shall be repaid, but we cannot take chances so you must first be tied up."

Steele knew better than to resist. His work was done and so far as Juan was concerned, he was now nothing more than a nuisance. Those rifles in the hands of his men were only too eager to blast him into eternity. He permitted two men to tie his wrists behind his back, lash his arms and legs with brutal tightness. Then he was unceremoniously dumped into the back of the truck. Juan grinned unpleasantly at him.

"So you are the great Norte Americano who would have built a road through the jungle so troops could reach me swiftly. For that you die—like all invaders will die. Know this, *amigo*. Your camp and the others who work here, have ten thousand peons laboring for a few pesos a day. They have not been paid for three weeks and tonight an armored truck comes to the camps with gold. Gold, do you hear me? These peons refuse to accept other money."



Steele lying on his side, shivered as he caught the gist of Juan's plans. This truck would be used to blow up the armored car, kill everyone aboard it and even wipe out a military escort. If there was one, Juan laughed at his discomfiture.

"I see you have guessed what I intend to do. That is well. The armored car comes through the narrow pass at the foot of the Mountain of the Sun. There is room for but one truck to pass and they will not see this one until it is too late. *Adios, amigo*, we shall meet again—in hell."

Three men clambered aboard the truck. The others mounted horses and some formed a rear guard while the rest rode well ahead of the truck. Steele tried to figure a way out, but there seemed to be none. So far as the capped dynamite was concerned, the crash would hardly set that off for it was too well packed. But the nitro! At the very best it is treacherous stuff, liable to explode at even a slight concussion. If an armored truck, rolling along at high speed, collided with this light suburban, the result was inevitable.

He shuddered a dozen times as the driver of the suburban took bumps that sent the container of nitro banging up and down. They turned into a highway and Steele breathed a sigh of relief. He recognized the country and estimated that he had about twenty minutes before they'd reach the pass where Juan meant to deal sudden, certain death.

Steele rolled over until he could make an attempt at picking the knots of the rope around his arms. It was hopeless. Each knot was pulled very tight and his fingers only became raw from his efforts.

One man in the front seat kept watching Steele and taunting him with the manner of his death.

"It weel be so queek, *amigo*. Boom—and there ees nothing more left of you."

Steele said, "You're fools. Who is going to drive this truck into the armored car?"

"No one, *senor*," came the prompt answer. "Theese truck weel be put on top of a slope. When the armored car comes, the brakes weel be released and the truck weel roll down to block the road. The fools in the armored truck weel not see eet until too late and then—boom!"

The driver broke in, as if rehearsing his instructions. "First we must remember to signal Juan who lurks in the jungle waiting to attack. Three blinks of the light just after the brakes are released. I, Pedro, shall guide the truck toward the road and jump in time. Truly Juan is clever to have thought of this and truly I am brave to guide the truck un-





erringly across the road. For that Juan weel pay me *dinero* that I may live in comfort."

Steele lay quietly thinking all this over. The plan was practically fool proof. There was a sharp bend in the jungle bordered road where it was the most narrow. The armored truck, traveling at high speed to thwart any possible holdups, wouldn't be able to stop. And in the brush nearby, Juan and his men would be waiting like vultures to pounce upon what was left of the men and the truck.

Steele hunched himself up into a sitting position against the stack of dynamite cases. The coil of copper wire lay temptingly near the edge of the highest box. He had to get it down somehow.

The truck turned a corner on screeching tires. Steele gave the stack of boxes a hard shove with his back. They teetered and rocked dangerously. If one of them ever landed on top of the nitro, it would be over in a split second. Steele reflected that should his plan prove impossible to work out, death in this manner would be preferable to being rolled down in front of the armored truck. This way he'd die, of course, but he'd take three of Juan's men with him and save the armored truck. Death was waiting for him around the bend of that road anyway.

The guard on the front seat turned away, briefly, and Steele gave the boxes another shove. The coil of copper wire fell off the top and hit him on the shoulder. He relaxed for a moment. Now he had to get at one of those open boxes of dynamite—the capped ones. They were on top. As the truck took another corner, Steele shoved once more. The stack of boxes toppled. The uppermost one struck the edge of the nitro bottle and the guard in front gave vent to a yelp of terror. But nothing happened. Nitro and dynamite can be like that. Friendly at times, yet deadly under identical circumstances.

Steele was bathed in cold perspiration, but he didn't hesitate any longer. It was painfully slow work. He moved one of the capped sticks near his pinioned hands, seized one end of the copper wire and attached it to the cap. Then he pushed himself very close to the wall of the truck's body.

Five minutes later the truck turned off the road. It was almost dark now and Juan's scheme was rapidly nearing fulfillment. The two men in the front seat jumped off. They ran around to the back and examined Steele's bonds, grunted in satisfaction when they found them tight. One slapped Steele's face and grinned at him.

"In two-three minutes, *senor*, you weel be with the angels. Higher perhaps than the region of the



angels, si?"

The truck slowly backed up a steep incline, the driver maneuvering it carefully lest any undue shock set off the explosive. He pulled on the emergency brake and sat, listening.

Steele attacked his bonds again. He couldn't sever them in any way and hope rested only in the patience and time necessary to work the knots loose. Distantly Steele heard the rumble of a fast moving, heavy vehicle. That would be the armored car—riding to death that waited around the corner.

The rope that lashed his arms to his sides loosened as the knot slipped under Steele's bleeding fingers. He doubled himself up, reached the other rope about his legs and worked with frantic speed.

Then the driver saw the headlights gleam through the brush. He released the brake and the suburban began moving slowly. The driver clambered out on the running board, still gripping the wheel and guiding it straight toward the narrow road. In a moment he would blink his lights and then jump, just before the suburban would roll across the highway and come to a stop against the high bank on the other side. At that moment the armored car would swerve around the corner and it would be all over.

Steele rolled toward the tailboard. The driver paid no attention to him now. He had the matter of his own life to consider. He reached for the light switch on the dash. Steele gave himself a mighty shove with his feet and went catapulting off the tailboard. He hit the ground with a thump that took the wind out of him. The shock broke the ropes around his legs. He pulled himself to his feet and staggered toward a patch of brush. There he dropped flat and muttered a prayer.

The truck was near the highway now. The driver ready to snap on the lights in a signal for Juan and his men to drop and cover themselves against debris bound to rain down after the explosion.

The lights of the suburban did flash on, but their rays had hardly penetrated the darkness before the whole earth seemed to arise in one mighty wave of dirt and flying wood and steel. The ground rumbled under Steele's body. Pieces of the car came hurtling down.

On the highway the armored car braked to a stop. Two more cars, closely following, disgorged troops. Rifles cracked. Steele gained his feet again and began running clumsily down the slope. He reached the great chasm in the earth where the truck had been blown high. Two men, in the uniform of the South American Republic, saw Steele and levelled rifles. Steele yelled his identity. An officer ran up and recognized him. The ropes around his wrists were cut. Steele grinned and massaged his wrists.

"It worked, eh, *senor*?" he asked the officer. "Juan planned to blow up the armored truck and take the gold. I was forced to load the explosive on the truck and ride with it."

"But how did it go off so conveniently?" the officer asked.

"Juan and his men were hiding in the brush, waiting until after the explosion," Steele explained. "A driver was to pilot the car until he was sure it would roll directly across the highway. As he jumped he was to turn on the lights of the suburban in a signal. That was what gave me a chance. I hooked into the electrical system of the suburban, attached one end of the lead wire to a capped stick of dynamite and then all the driver had to do was turn on the lights. Luckily the wiring system didn't run under the truck. The battery was strong enough to give the proper spark and impulse."

"A brave man," the officer approved. "You might have been blown to bits with the truck, *amigo*. To save us and the government's gold you risked your life."

Steele shook his head and smiled. "I was thinking of my peons too," he said simply. "That gold was to pay them and they need the money if we are to finish the jungle road in time."

LITTLE NEMO



HE DOESN'T EAT DOCTOR
PILL, AND HE'S LISTLESS
ALL DAY

HUM! WELL WE'RE
GOING TO DO SOME
THING FOR HIM. LET
ME SEE, NEMO, NOW
TAKE A DEEP DEEP
BREATH



WHAT THIS YOUNG MAN NEEDS
IS A COMPLETE CHANGE OF
SCENERY - A CHANGE ALL TOGETHER

BUT WHERE
CAN I GO TO,
DOCTOR PILL!



NOW YOU TAKE THIS
PILL, NEMO. IT LOOKS
BIG BUT IT WILL GO
DOWN EASY, MY BOY!

WELL WHAT
WILL IT DO
FOR HIM,
DOCTOR?



HERE GOES!
I HOPE I GET
THE BIG
SURPRISE !!

GO AHEAD SWALLOW
THE PILL AND TAKE A
DRINK OF WATER.

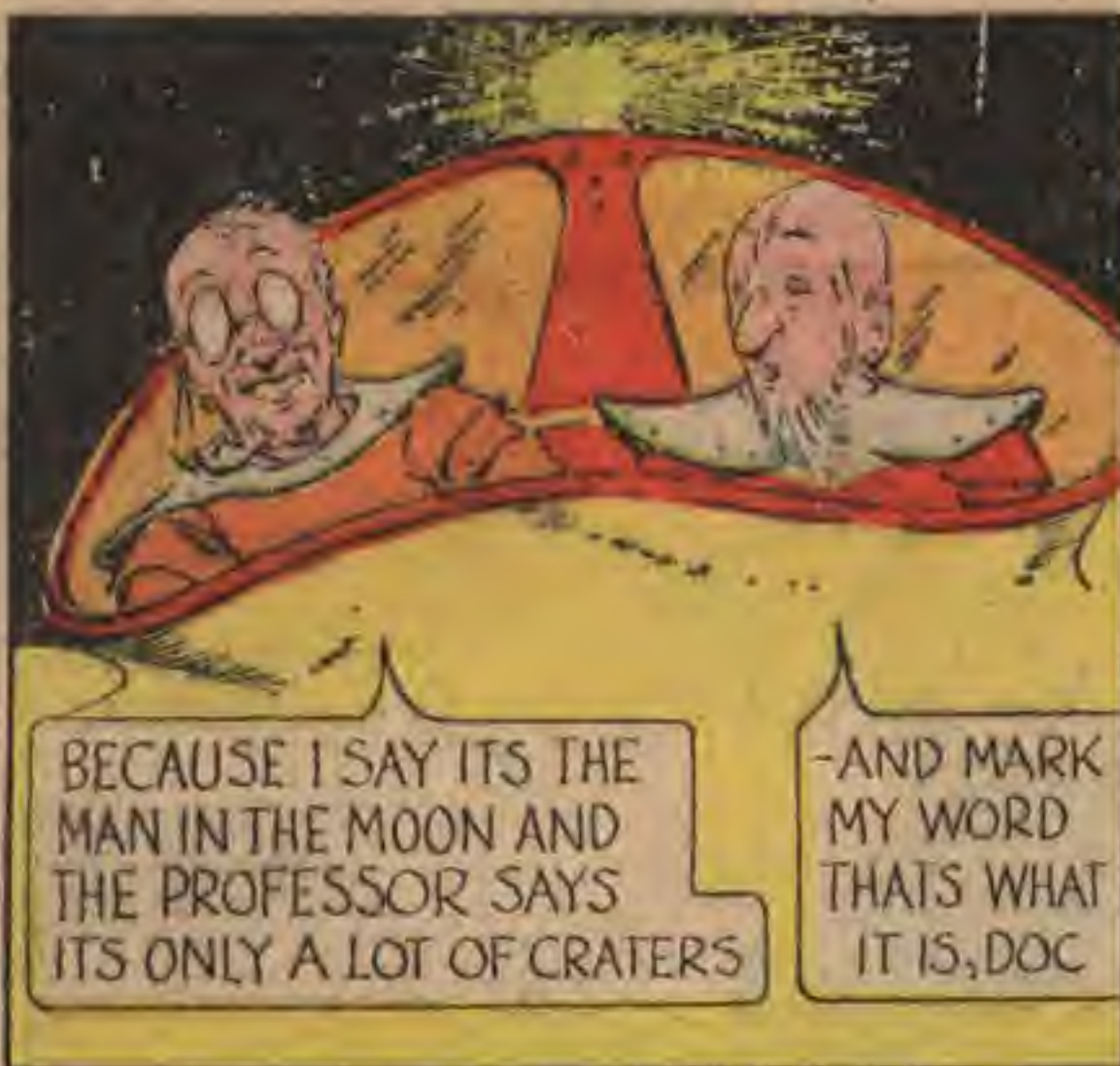


BOOM

WHERE
AM I -
DOCTOR!

YOU'LL SEE
IN A MINUTE





THIS IS CERTAINLY A
STRANGE PLACE, FLIP.

AND IT DONT
LOOK TOO
GOOD TO ME.

NOW WE'RE IN FOR
IT! WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO DO?

I DONT KNOW. YOU'D
BETTER THINK OF
SOMETHING PRETTY
QUICK!!

THIS MOON BEAM
RAY-GUN HAD BETTER
WORK FAST, FLIP!!

I'LL SWING
AROUND INTO
POSITION. I
HOPE THEY
DONT OPEN
FIRE, TOO!!

GOSH! A PERFECT STRIKE!

WE'VE GOT 'EM SCARED
PLENTY! LOOK AT THE
OTHERS RUN!

WED BETTER
FIND OUT WHAT
KIND OF PEOPLE
THEY ARE. LOOKS
LIKE A TRICK TO ME.

WELL, HERE
GOES THEN!

WELL, WE CERTAINLY
SHOWED THAT FELLER
A THING OR TWO!

LISTEN TO THE
OLF FOSSILS
TAKING ALL THE
CREDIT, NEMO!

LET'S PAY
MORE ATTENTION
TO THAT SHIP
OVER THERE AND
CUT OUT THE
FUNNY
STUFF

COME ON DOC
AND PROFESSOR,
LET'S BEAT IT!

THAT WRECK
WAS JUST A
TRICK NOW
WE'RE IN FOR IT!



HELP!

WE'VE
GOT TO
ACT FAST
THIS TIME.



LET'S HOPE
MY AIM IS
RIGHT!!

LET'ER
GO!



THAT WAS A
CLOSE CALL!

TO THINK NEMO
YOU SAVED OUR
LIVES —



NEMO, YOU'RE
A HERO!!

HOW CAN
WE EVER
THANK YOU!



HAVING FINISHED THEIR ADVENTURE ON
THE MOON, THEY ARE OFF TO OTHER WORLDS.

IT'S REALLY A FACT!



THAT AN AVERAGE OF TWENTY POUNDS OF GUM IS SHAVED OFF THE FLOOR OF THE PENN. DEPOT IN NEW YORK EVERY NIGHT!



THE WORD BOYCOTT ORIGINATED IN IRELAND ABOUT 85 YEARS AGO WHEN A NATIONALIST REFUSED TO SALUTE CAPT. BOYCOTT OF THE BRITISH ARMY!

TRAFFIC ON THE GROUNDS OF THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR IS DIRECTED BY A POLICEMAN PERCHED HIGH IN THE PINNACLE OF THE EMBLEMATIC TRYLON!



FOOTBALL WAS FIRST INTRODUCED IN IRELAND BY JOHN EGAN WHO DIED THIS SUMMER AT THE AGE OF 105. THE FIRST FOOTBALL WAS A BALLOON WITH A LEATHER COVER CONTRIVED BY A SHOEMAKER!

BLACK SEALS ARE WHITE WHEN BORN AND TURN BLACK WITH AGE!

YOU CAN PLAY NOW - BUT DON'T GET DIRTY!



CRIME ON THE RUN

INTRODUCING A NEW
SERIES OF ACTUAL
DETECTIVE CASES,
DEDICATED TO
THE HEROIC
DEEDS OF AMERICA'S
POLICE IN THEIR
UNCEASING WAR-
FARE ON THE
UNDERWORLD!

by
JACK COLE

THE MURDEROUS RED KEENAN GANG

CLEVELAND, OHIO
RESIDENTS LIVED
IN FEAR OF THESE
KILLER-BANDITS
UNTIL



NOTE:

THIS STORY IS ABSOLUTELY TRUE
FROM BEGINNING TO END. NAMES
OF CHARACTERS ARE GENUINE AND
MOST OF THE CHARACTERS HAVE
BEEN DRAWN FROM LIFE-PHOTO-
GRAPHS. ALL DETAILS AND SCENES
WERE LIKEWISE DRAWN FROM
PHOTOGRAPHS ON RECORD IN
CLEVELAND POLICE FILES.

ON NOV.
26, 1913,
EDWARD
BUTLER
AND FRANK
DANGLER,
RESPECTABLE
BUSINESS
MEN, WERE
DRIVING
HOME FROM
A MEETING
WHEN A CAR
APPROACHED
AND



POLICE? — WE'VE BEEN ROBBED! MY CAR AND MONEY WERE TAKEN BY THREE BANDITS —



SIXTY-FIVE BUCKS, TWO SPARKLERS AND A CAR! NOT BAD! — NOW WE'LL PULL ANOTHER JOB, WHILE THE COPS ARE INVESTIGATING THIS 'UN



15 MIN. LATER

WHAT!

— THREE MEN IN A DARK COLORED TOURING CAR HELD UP MY BAKERY CART AND ESCAPED WITH THE COMPANY'S CASH.



POLICE WERE SENT OUT TO THE HOLD-UP SCENE, BUT A THIRD REPORT SOON REACHED CENTRAL POLICE STATION

THIS BEATS ALL! ZAK'S SHOE STORE WAS HELD-UP OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THESE THUGS!



ROUND UP ALL VICTIMS AND WITNESSES AND BRING THEM IN FOR QUESTIONING.



THAT NIGHT, THE VICTIMS MET AT HEAD-QUARTERS

I WANT YOU TO LOOK OVER THESE PHOTOS OF KNOWN CRIMINALS AND SEE IF YOU CAN IDENTIFY ANY OF THE BANDITS!



BY GAR! I'M SURE THIS IS ONE OF THEM!

LET'S SEE IT



YESSIR THAT'S ONE OF THEM ALRIGHT !!



HMM! - BYRAN "RED" KEENAN - WANTED FOR BREAKING PAROLE AT MANSFIELD REFORMATORY

CLEVELAND RADIO STATIONS SENT OUT REDS DESCRIPTION

BE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR THREE DESPERATE BANDITS - THE LEADER, A RED-HAIRED MAN AGE 22-HEIGHT, 5' 3" WANTED FOR H -

NEXT DAY, OFFICERS CERVENKA AND FENWICK WERE OUT ON PLAIN-CLOTHES DUTY, WHEN A DARK COUPE PASSED

LOOK! THE BANDIT CAR!

FOLLOW THAT COUPE, AND STEP ON IT.

STOP!! IT'S THE LAW!

THE DICKS!! STEP ON IT!!

CRACK!

BLAST IT! THEY GOT AWAY. - EVERYBODY O.K.?

YUP! JUST A COUPLE OF CLOSE SHAVES!

I-I'M SHOT - G-GET ME A DOCTOR! - DO SOMETHING - QUICK!!

SURE WE'LL
DO SOMETHING!



AND DO IT
QUICK!

HELP!



GREAT WORK BOYS!-THEY
FOUND ONE OF THE GANG
DEAD ON 71ST STREET!
HE WAS GEO FERRICK-
WE FOUND THE CAR
ABANDONED WITH NINE
BULLET HOLES IN IT!!

AND WE THOUGHT
WE MISSED 'EM!



BUT
DESPITE
EFFORTS
OF POLICE
THE GANG
CONTINUED
TO PREY
ON THE
PUBLIC

THEN, ON
CHRISTMAS
EVE

"JINGLE BELLS,
JINGLE BELLS,
JINGLE ALL
THE WAY—"



UP WITH
THEM!!



TAKE THIS
PUNK!!



COME ON
LET'S GO!



HELP!
THAT MAN!
HE-HES-
DEAD!!



SHOT DOWN IN COLD BLOOD!
FROM NOW ON, WE'RE UP
AGAINST MURDERERS! THEY
MUST BE STOPPED BEFORE
SOMEONE ELSE IS KILLED!



EXTRA !!
WAGON DRIVER
SLAIN IN HOLD-UP!



SOMETIME
LATER, MRS.
FLORENCE
COLUMBIA,
WHO LIVED
IN A RE-
MODELED
GARAGE ON
JORDAN RD,
SAT
READING
HER DAILY
PAPER



WHY, THIS LOOKS
LIKE—WHY, IT
IS! — COME!
HERE DEAR.



DO YOU
SEE WHAT
I SEE?

WELL I'LL BE!
THAT'S ONE OF
THE MEN WE
RENTED OUR
BUNGALOW
NEXT DOOR TO.



WE HAVEN'T ANY PHONE,
SO YOU'D BETTER SEND
THOMAS INTO TOWN TO
NOTIFY THE POLICE!



OH TOM!

THOMAS,
THE HIRED
MAN,
HAD TO
WALK
THE
DISTANCE,
BUT HE
COVERED
IT AS
RAPIDLY
AS HE
WAS ABLE



SERGEANT CAREY!
A MAN JUST RAN
IN AND SAID THAT
KEENAN IS OUT AT
STOP 10, LORAIN RD.



MEANWHILE,
MRS.
COLUMBIA,
FEARING
THE
BANDITS
MIGHT
LEAVE
BEFORE
POLICE
ARRIVED
ENGAGED
THEM IN
CONVERSA-
TION —



HELLO, MRS.
COLUMBIA—
COME IN.

JUST THOUGHT
I'D DROP IN
AND SEE HOW
THINGS ARE!



QUICK! — GET MEN AND
AMMUNITION FROM
EVERY STATION.
WE'RE TAKING NO
CHANCES THIS TIME!



MRS COLUMBIA WAITED UNTIL SHE THOUGHT THE POLICE HAD BEEN NOTIFIED - THEN WENT HOME. SOON AFTER, SEVEN CARS, WITH SHADES DRAWN DOWN, APPROACHED THE COTTAGE



READY, MEN - THERE'S THE PLACE !!



COPS! - MILLIONS OF 'EM! - LET'S RUN FOR IT! COME ON!



GIVE IT TO THEM BOYS - THEY ASKED FOR IT



GOT KEENAN!



THE SECOND THUG WAS ALSO SHOT, BUT REFUSED TO SURRENDER

COME AND GET ME!



THE SECOND THUG WAS ALSO SHOT, BUT REFUSED TO SURRENDER

CAREFUL, MEN THERE
MAY BE MORE INSIDE!



ALRIGHT, SONNY,
YOU CAN COME
OUT FROM UNDER
THAT BED NOW!



A WHOLE DRESSER
FULL OF BURGLAR
TOOLS AND GUNS!



THUS
THE KEENAN
GANG WAS
FINALLY
CAPTURED—
THE DEAD
BANDIT WAS
IDENTIFIED
AS CHARLES
SANBORN—
KEENAN &
HIS PAL,
MICHITSCH
WENT ON
TRIAL

WE FIND THE
DEFENDANTS GUILTY
OF MURDER IN
THE FIRST DEGREE!



CHARLES SANBORN

WANTED FOR
MURDER,—
DURING THE
GUN-BATTLE,
WAS SHOT
IN THE
SHOULDER
AND HEAD—
A FINAL
SHOT TO
THE HEAD,
KILLED HIM!



FERDINAND MICHITSCH

THE YOUNG
BANDIT WHO
HID UNDER
THE BED
WAS IDENT-
IFIED AS
ONE OF
THE MEN
WHO KILLED
THE WAGON
DRIVER



BRYAN KEENAN

HAD PART
OF HIS HAND
SHOT AWAY!
HE CONFESSED
TO NEARLY
100 CRIMES
INCLUDING—
HOLD-UPS,
BURGLARIES
AND AUTO
THEFTS!



THE HEROIC WORK OF DETEC.
CAPT. CODY, LIEUT. STOREY,
CAPT. LAVELLE, LIEUT. TIMM,
SERGT. KEEN, OFFICERS ALLEN,
TENNANT, KRAUSE, CHOMOA,
MECKES AND CLEVELAND
POLICE IS WORTHY OF PRAISE,
AS IS MRS. COLUMBIA, FOR HER
ALERTNESS AND BRAVERY IN
RECOGNIZING AND HOLDING
THE BANDITS UNTIL POLICE
ARRIVED ON THE SCENE

— THE END —

LOOK FOR ANOTHER TRUE STORY NEXT ISSUE

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Now a new invention permits you to make a professional-like recording of your own singing, talking or instrument playing. Any one can quickly and easily make phonograph records and play them back at once. Record your voice or your friends' voices. If you play an instrument, you can make a record and you and your friends can hear it as often as you like. You can also record orchestra or favorite radio programs right off the air and replay them whenever you wish.



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AUTOMATIC**



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[illegible]

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...plane, and ...
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Jack Benny, Benny Goodman, etc.



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Loar & Gordon Corset
 1145 Second Street
 Boston, Massachusetts

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Large microphone...
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Jack Benny, Benny Goodman, etc.

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John and Myrtle Friends. Imitate...
 singing... **John and Myrtle**...
Jack Benny, Benny Goodman, etc.



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Handwriting Analysis 25c

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Take a trunk, under the
Fighting Rooster, policeman

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short for Bird Calls, pro
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Ventrilo Best Pictorial for

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yellow and red and green
and complete their entire
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person can perform. One
person can perform. One
person can perform. One
person can perform. One

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FIGHTING ROOSTERS

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